

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
VOLUME II
FIVE CENTS

FEBRUARY 20, 1929

NUMBER 2

GARNET HOLME FALLS FATALLY

Garnet Holme, affectionately known to probably hundreds of people in Carmel, last week stumbled upon a steep terrace at his home at Larkspur, falling precipitously and headlong. He died three days later.

Mr. Holme directed last summer's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Forest Theater. From there he went to direct the Bohemian Club play in San Francisco. In the autumn his yearly pageant in the desert at Palm Springs took place. And Carmel folk saw him direct the New Year's pageant at the Yosemite.

He was National Pageant Director, an appointee of the president of the United States; a playwright; and a good fellow.

GARNET
HOLME
Photo by
ROGER
STURTEVANT



BRAILOWSKY FOR ORNSTEIN

Leo Ornstein has broken his hand in an automobile accident, and will not play in recital in Carmel this year. This was a serious blow to the Music Society, under whose auspices he was to play on the twenty-sixth of this month.

But there is good fortune in the alternative.

Alexander Brailowsky, an artist of the highest attainments, will play in his stead.

Brailowsky is reported from the highest critical sources to be a superb pianist, of rare breadth and distinction of style, an aristocrat of the piano.

His program in Carmel will be a comfort to those who have found recent modern programs here difficult. For it includes:

Bach-Busoni

Toccata and Fugue in D-minor

Scarlatti

Two sonatas: D-minor
A-major

Beethoven

Sonata Appassionata opus 57

Chopin

Ballade in F-major

Waltz in A-flat

Prelude in D-flat

Etude in G-flat

Mazurka in C-sharp

Polonaise in A-flat

Scriabine

Poeme opus 38

Stravinsky

Etude in F-sharp

Liszt

Liebestraum

Hungarian Rhapsody number 6

RADIO INTERFERENCE AND ZONING

At the City Council meeting on Monday evening the following was accomplished: City Attorney was instructed to draw up an ordinance designed to banish radio interference by violet-ray machines. Mrs. James Hopper presented a plan for the proposed city park, designed by Mrs. Helen Deusner, and announced that gifts of funds, limestone, and disintegrated gravel, had already been offered her committee. She asks for approval by the council of the plans, and from the citizens her committee invites gifts of more funds.

labor, the use of trucks, rock, soil, or fertilizer.

Petition by M. J. Murphy to move his building from Monte Verde and Ninth to Junipero between Fourth and Fifth was received. The council appointed March sixth as the time when protests or other public discussion of the matter would be heard.

The long-promised Zoning Ordinance was again delayed. The development of a zoning ordinance is something for a specialist to handle. This has been put by our City Council into the hands of its City Attorney, who, inasmuch as the state legislature is about to revise its own legislation of last year concerning zoning, is reluctant to devise a law for Carmel just now. The council spent some time on Monday evening discussing matters of lot area and set-backs for the ordinance, discovering the enormously specialized professional task that it is.

A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR LECTURES BRILLIANTLY

Presenting his facts with a calm irony devoid of any convictions whatever, Dr. M. M. Knight, professor of Economic History at Berkeley, shocked an audience into fair-mindedness, last Saturday evening at the last of his series on the Economics of War, under the auspices of the Women's International League.

And because he presented his facts concerning the German Reparations so indifferently, his audience was moved as probably very infrequently before, to a contemplation of a Germany peculiarly hard-pressed since the treaty of Versailles. The facts, and not the persuasions of Dr. Knight, showed the betrayal of international decency in the pressure put upon the losing nations when "peace" was declared; showed also the economic disorder following upon the attempt by the victors, and especially by France, to kill the goose that laid the golden egg, in crippling Germany by reducing her supply of gold so that her currency was nearly valueless, and by cutting off her markets. Germany as an industrial nation must pay her war debts in goods; but if she has no buyers, she cannot pay.

Germany lost 12 percent of her European population as a result of the war; and 13 percent of her territory; all of her ships over 16,000 tons, and a third of her coal production. She was forced to sign a statement that she was morally responsible for the war.

The French controlled the Reparations Commission and made demands of such a nature that even the British members came finally to say, "But gentlemen, sooner or later we shall have to begin to be reasonable." The Germans however called in vain for a neutral commission. The Germans were thereupon crippled commercially and industrially.

In Germany, the government is much

more deeply involved in the economic situation than in any other country, Dr. Knight pointed out, since it administers so many public utilities, beginning with the railroads.

Although every peace is a bad peace, since it follows a war, he also said, it would have been a worse peace had not Woodrow Wilson been there.

The dry and pungent style of Dr. Knight's presentation of facts; his hard metallic impersonality; and the irony underlying the conclusions he leaves the audience to draw,—give his lectures a peculiar brilliance. Students provided with intellects as cool as his, will not readily be stampeded into the next war.

WE EAT OUR CAKE AND HAVE IT TOO

They were frank friends,—some thirty or forty of them,—who came together at the Dickinson residence last week for a banquet celebrating the first anniversary of the Carmelite. The toasts and speeches were totally spontaneous and the usual adjectives of flattery were absent.

After the cake with its one infant candle had been duly greeted, George Blackman arose to suggest that all the guests write anonymously their suggestions and wishes for the future of the Carmelite.

"Become a monthly" urged some.

"More news," begged others.

"Less news."

"Less fluff and more guts."

There were two types prevalent however,—those desiring that the Carmelite develop its news function more fully, leaving out however the personalities common to average small-town newspapers; and those wishing for a periodical of much broader scope, emphasizing world events, education, and the thinking of the best minds.

Twenty-eight of those present offered literary and news cooperation.

The Carmelite would have been glad if the festival could have been more inclusive,—for it is gratefully aware of a fine cooperation and goodwill in the community.

Guests present at the banquet included, besides its hosts the Dickinsons, the George Blackmans; the Ralph Skenes; the Joseph Hartleys; the Joseph Schoeningers; Dora Hagemeyer; Virginia Tooker; Caroline Blackman; the Stanley Woods; Mrs. Ray Boynton; Mrs. Roger Sturtevant; Catherine Morgan; the W. W. Wheelers; W. P. Silva; Anne Martin; Eunice Gray; the John Bathens; Mrs. Lester Rowntree and Miss Clevenger; Mary Bulkley; Hazel Watrous; the Frank Sheridans; Mrs. Mary Young-Hunter; Mrs. P. K. Gordon; Miss Emma Waldvogel; Mrs. Laura Bride Powers; Mrs. Navas-Rey; Mrs. Helen Deusner.

ABALONE LEAGUE NOTES

As a result of last Sunday's games the Abalone League teams all stand on an even footing. Each has won and lost a game. In Sunday's set-to's the Giants defeated the Tigers and the Crescents took the measure of the Shamrocks. This coming week-end the Giants and Crescents play the first game, and the second contest sees the Shamrocks go into action against the Tigers.

Features of last Sunday's games were the fielding of Hanley in center for the Giants, and Rose, playing the same position for the Shamrocks. Both ranged far and wide and took care of every chance that was in playing distance.

Hitting honors went to John Thompson, Giant third baseman who also substituted on the Crescents in the second game. The Judge compiled a perfect average for the afternoon, lashing out eight straight-away line hits. Captain Kit Cooke of the Shamrocks endeavored nobly to work her team into the lead, reaching base twice and tallying a run each time.

* * * *

Charlie Frost, Shamrock shortstop, laid off Sunday because of a cracked rib. Fred Godwin, one of the original Abalones, took his place.

* * * *

W. O. Bardarson, principal of Sunset school, made his debut as an Abalone Leaguer.

* * * *

Helen Van Riper, Giant captain, was on the sidelines yesterday although still unable to get in the line-up because of a cracked-up neck.

* * * *

The refreshment booth at the ball field is shaping up in fine style. It is a Spanish wash-shed building designed by Clay Otto.

* * * *

Eric Wilkinson and Paul Whitman scintillated at first base for their respective teams.

THE SIERRA DOG DERBY RACE

Nevada and California sportsmen have organized the Sierra Dog Derby Association which will sponsor dog team racing each year in the snows of the high Sierras. Its first event occurred on the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth of February between Truckee, on the Southern Pacific overland route, and Tahoe Tavern, on the shores of Lake Tahoe.

The participants were old timers, including two women drivers, and were from many parts of the world,—Alaska, Canada, Siberia, as well as different states in the United States. The dog derbies of Alaska, which cover a course several hundred miles long, are a severe test of endurance and strength of both drivers and dogs, whereas the Sierra dog derby tests merely skill and fleetness.

WEISSHAUS COMPLETES THE ENCHANTMENT

The second American tour of the composer-pianist Imre Weisshaus discovers him with an established reputation.

The recital of this intense and ardently sincere young artist last Sunday evening at the studio of Denny and Watrous found him among friends before an audience which did not need to be won to music in contemporary idioms.

His program however began with the ancients,—but with those ancients of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries whose strong and monumental lines enclose a content of universal quality. As a redwood tree or a granite cliff have beauty timelessly, so certain compositions are timeless. When Imre Weisshaus searches in the Italian museums for buried musical manuscripts, he is looking for the tree and the cliff.

It was, however, the music of Bela Bartok, or Kodosa, and of Weisshaus himself as a composer, which make this recital memorable.

The work of Bartok has an immense richness, even occasionally a depth.

So clear, once the idiom is understood, is the work of the moderns, that it is immediately knowable to the hearer whether the composer is working upon a flat surface of feeling, or whether he is going down under, and within. When the focus is at the surface, these compositions play upon the nerves rather than the senses. The contrasts are acute without subtlety,—as lightning is acute without subtlety.

As a composer Weisshaus makes a startling use of repetition. His thematic material is handled with the stark economy of a modern draftsman,—two lines and the painting is complete. He will take a tiny fraction of a sound,—perhaps a dissonance of a minor second,—and repeat this without decoration or alteration until his audience is highly keyed. As if a speaker should rise up in a hall and say "If... if... if... if... if... iffff... iffff... iffff..." until he has created tension enough to start a revolution.

How music of Bartok, Kodosa, and Weisshaus will affect the future is difficult to guess. It is no mere individual expression,—not even racial. It is much more the expression of a tendency of the period,—a period of a culture highly conscious intellectually, and at the same time peculiarly puzzled, peculiarly groping. In spite of their intellectuality, the compositions of Weisshaus show a sincerity so fine, so indubitable, that even young children listening, find themselves moved and exalted.

New York City has been clever enough to capture from the creative centers of Europe some of the most gifted of its artists. The Pacific Coast has not yet

been so clever. It merely welcomes a few artists each year among musicians, and then sends them back to New York,—with a very few exceptions such as Ernest Bloch who is San Francisco's prize. Our trouble is that we have no great conservatories out here. (For even Bloch cannot make a whole conservatoire.) We are not producing great artists. Or if by chance they happen to be born here (not to forget Jehudi) we must ordinarily send them east or still further for the development of their genius.

Some day we on the Pacific coast shall perhaps be clever enough to augment our courageous Dene Dennys, our Henry Cowells, even our Rudhyars,—and manage to induce a young Weisshaus to musical captivity among us.

ADDITIONAL MUSICAL CATASTROPHE

Following close upon the announcement of the accident to Ornstein's hand, comes the message that Vasia Anakeeff, who was to sing at the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Tuesday night of this week, is ill. His plans also must therefore be altered, and announcement of the time be made at a future date.

LENTEN ORGAN RECITALS

Edward Cadoret Hopkins, organist of St. John's Chapel, at Del Monte, will give a series of recitals on the Clarence Black Memorial Organ recently installed in the chapel. The recitals will last about a half hour and will follow a short service of Evening Prayer at 3:30 every Wednesday afternoon in Lent.

The program of the first, to be given this afternoon, is as follows:

Sibelius	Finlandia Overture
von Fielitz	Nocturne
Elgar	Chanson de Nuit
de Tombelle	Marche Pontificale

NOT GUILTY

After a jury trial of spectacular moments and high temperatures, yesterday morning in Carmel, a verdict of Not Guilty was brought in, acquitting Mr. William M. Graham of charges of assault and battery made by Mrs. Jessie G. Mays.

SEARCH SEMINAR NOTE

The Tuesday evening Search seminar for this week has been postponed because of the Brailowski recital. Dr. Search will lecture instead on Thursday evening the twenty-eighth; his subject, "An Evening in Boccaccio's Villa."

Personal Bits . . .

They are smooth as velvet, those panels in Ray Boynton's garage-studio on Camino Real, where he is sketching out the preliminary sketches for his series for the Associated Charities Building in San Francisco. In that entrance hall as they come in, little children and adults will, when these murals are complete, feel a simple and heartening greeting.

For the subject of the paintings in Saint Francis. He stands surrounded by his friends the birds; and at his feet leap the young deer.

On one morning of every week the artist rises very early in Carmel. By five-thirty at dawn he and Roger Sturtevant are on their way, driving up to San Francisco for a day's painting. Ray Boynton works all day on his murals, with perhaps a slight pause for the California School of Fine Arts, from which he has sabbatical leave this winter. And by evening he and Roger have started back for Carmel,—two hundred and fifty miles and a day's work having intervened since morning.

The Charles Chadseys have made their departure for the effete east, and on their return in a year or so Chuck will come weighted down with an M. A. degree. Yes, in Abnormal Psychology, University of Illinois. As past-janitor of the Carmel Public Library, laboratory assistant at the Carnegie Research Laboratory, and leading villain in last year's dramatic presentations in Carmel, he should be well prepared to carry on advanced research in this delicate subject.

Major Haire will shortly arrive from a little shopping expedition in Australia.

The paintings of William P. Silva of Carmel are on exhibit at Gump's in San Francisco throughout the month of February. Mr. Silva was one of the jury in the recent art competition at Santa Cruz.

ANNOYED

Bitter complaint comes from Hartnell Lockridge from the Valley Ranch in New Mexico. He doesn't like the weather. No, he doesn't like it. And as weather in New Mexico is what there ain't nothin' else but, "for a native son," says he, "to be subjected to hellish snowfalls, innardslicing wind, and subsequently roads so slippery that the erstwhile trusty steed alights full weight on its rider, is nothing short of being very annoying."

So much for the California constitution. Annoyed by snow, indeed! And on the other hand, convalescent and undernourished children in Switzerland are taken for recuperation to the Alps, to live naked in the sunlit snow,—and they get well.

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THE CARMELITE, February 20, 1929

THE SUNSET SCHOOL NEEDS MORE BUILDINGS

At the regular meeting of the Carmel P. T. A. last Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger and Miss Clara Kellogg, school trustees, together with Mr. Bardarson, principal of the Sunset School, set forth the need for an increase in school buildings and equipment.

The speakers explained in detail the work which has been going on this year, carrying out and bringing to completion the plans entered into four years ago, when bonds were voted for the present new building. Levelling the playgrounds, furnishing the teachers' room, re-decorating the First Grade room,—all these were a part of the original plan.

Two new projects have been added,—the Kindergarten Building, and a Manual Training Shop. The trustees believe that the time for a new plan for expansion has come; and that this plan should take form on the present site, which should be developed to its fullest capacity.

A daily attendance average in 1927 of 181 children, to be compared with 65 in 1917, shows the growth of the school in the past ten years. Everything points to an even greater growth in the future. To meet the immediate needs of the school the following plans were suggested.

- A building for the First and Second Grades similar to the Kindergarten
- The enlarging and remodelling of the shop
- An auditorium large enough to accommodate parents and pupils
- Complete cafeteria equipment
- More adequate playgrounds

At the opening of the meeting Mrs. William Butler read a paper on the service rendered to childhood by the National Parent-Teachers' Association. Its membership has passed the million mark. "It reaches," said Mrs. Butler in part, "into every branch of child life. It touches rich and poor alike. Children of every race and color share in its achievements."

PRESERVING OUR MORALS!

He was furious.
He was indignant.
He was fairly puffing with righteousness.
He strode into the Carmel Public Library.
"I want that dreadful book, 'Bad Girl'."
He took it home, and he kept it. He kept it.

The book is overdue now,—and has long been overdue. But in order to keep the minds of Carmel spotless and unsullied this guardian of our morals will keep the book and pay his fine for an indefinite period. What a comfort to know that Carmel's reading is now safely in the hands of a self-appointed censor!

GARNET HOLME

Recollections by Herbert Heron

Garnet Holme was born sixty years ago in England, and there the first half of his life was spent. As a young man he joined Frank Benson's company of players and gained thereby the most valuable experience an actor can have—playing Shakespeare under a fine director. Frank Benson was a very fine director. And the young Garnet Holme absorbed much from the Stratford play-work that stood him in good stead all his life.

When half that life was done Holme came to America with the Benson troupe.

When they went back to England, he stayed on in California, and for the next thirty years he devoted himself to acting, writing, producing and directing plays. It was as a director that he was best known, however, and there stands to his credit a long list of plays staged chiefly in the open air.

I first met Holme twenty-five years ago, when we played together in Constance Crawley's production of Romeo and Juliet. I was Paris—my first professional Shakespeare part; Holme was Peter—doubtless his fiftieth or more. I did not see him again for five years, though I heard frequently of his work with the English Club in Berkeley.

In May, 1910, I was toiling on the production of David with which to open the Forest Theater. Carmel was a very small village then, and experienced theatre-workers were practically unknown. I had shouldered a far too heavy load. Besides the work as organizer and managing director of the Theater, I had revamped an interior drama for open air production, built up a group of players where almost none existed, and was directing rehearsals and acting the chief part.

One day George Boke, who was the prophet Samuel in the play, said he heard that Garnet Holme was at liberty. Joe Hand, who was playing the delightful comedy part of Hushai, protested that he didn't want to see a strange director. He knew these professional coaches, he said, and he didn't want to work with one. But he didn't know Garnet Holme. And I did. The result was that Holme came down and took over the rehearsals, leaving me free for the general management and the playing of David. It is a strange coincidence that Holme, Boke and Hand should all have left us at the same time.

Twelfth Night was the main Forest Theater play of 1911, and was highly successful under Holme's direction.

In 1912 The Toad, Bertha Newberry's poetic drama of ancient Egypt, and Perry Newberry's dramatization of Alice in Wonderland were admirably staged by Holme.

The next year he was not available, but in 1914 he was back again, this time to

direct Sidney Howard's first play, Sons of Spain, and the children's play, Slovenly Peter. He was also kind enough to assist in the final week's direction of my Aztec play, Montezuma.

For the next four years he was absent from Forest Theater work, but in 1918 he came down to stage The Cat and the Cherub.

The following year he put on Alfred Noyes' Sherwood and the children's play, Prince Happyheart. He had another play in rehearsal as an entertainment for the visiting Fleet, but was obliged to abandon it. He asked me then if I would repeat for the sailors the performance of Arms and the Man I had just finished. The cast being willing, it was an easy favor to do him, but I recall the gracious and gratifying words and manner in which he thanked me.

In 1922 Holme staged his own pageant-play, Serra, in the Forest Theater. There was a fine mellowness about this production that showed the author-producer's experience had ripened well with the years. He played a part himself, and showed again the advantage of his Shakespearean training. His quiet entrance was very impressive, and his voice, under perfect control, carried gently his every syllable without effort to the farthest seat in the auditorium.

The recent production of The Taming of the Shrew was destined to be Holme's last for Carmel. His work will be well remembered by those who knew it best, but perhaps there will remain with us through the longest years the memory of the man himself—keen-witted but kind, strong-willed but gentle, hard-working without fuss: a thoroughly trained man of the theater who loved the open air.

A READER BURSTS INTO POETRY

The Carmelite is my delight
I read the sheet both day and night.
To cure all ills, bring day from night,
I recommend the Carmelite!

Now Gibbie thinks she owns the sheet
Because it's printed nice and neat.
But I proclaim and do repeat
The thought is but an odd conceit.

Its birth, came through convulsive throes
Of Carmel bursting out its clothes,
From paving streets, taxes in rows,
Ills without number, heaven knows.

Rather this champion of our right
Sprang like Minerva in a night
And high-brow virtues now invite
To Carmel,—through the Carmelite!
(The author prefers to remain anonymous)

THE SLIP IN
is now the
DOLORES INN
meals as usual
DOLORES NEAR SEVENTH

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The Arts . . .

STANLEY WOOD DOES A FINE THING

In Stanley Wood's cottage there hangs a painting he has recently done,—and differing strongly from any work of his we have so far seen. He has looked upon Lobos from a height and a distance,—from upper Hatton Fields perhaps,—and painted the whole scape, land and sea with a passion which communicates itself startlingly.

The composition seems scarcely to be able to contain itself upon the flat canvas. It has several more than three dimensions. The Point lifts itself strangely from the sea. The whole floats as if in a breathlessness. The mood is strongly mystical. It is a painting of peculiar power. Brightly somber as a painting of one of the modern Mexicans,—Ribera, perhaps, it has also the atmospheric clarity of a Japanese print.

We hail this painting of Stanley Wood's as a thing of beauty. We should like to see it hung where many might see it and linger with it.

A VIVID ART GALLERY

The museums have been the tombs of the arts. In the dimly-re-echoing stone corridors blue-uniformed sentinels have stood watch over the catalogued masterpieces, and watched them resting in peace.

But the Oakland Art Gallery is no sarcophagus. It has a very lively board of directors, headed by William Clapp, and including Madame G. E. Scheyer, foreign representative of the museum, individuals with a vital response to modern works of sincerity. They have brought to this art gallery outstanding painters from Europe, and have succeeded in keying up, in the Bay Region, attention to modern works. One strong individual can do a thing like this.

Their next step is to add to the Art Gallery as a building by an architectural addition. They are putting the designing of this in good hands. We shall be spared the American pseudo-classicism from which most museums suffer. Modern works will be housed in the Oakland Art Gallery in a building magnificently expressing that which is universal in the modern spirit.

The present showing in the Oakland Art Gallery is of paintings by Marian Tooker Hernandez, a sister of Mrs. Gertrude Tooker of Carmel.

A Milwaukee Institute of Art bulletin says: "She has come under the influence of Matisse, Le Gros and other modern

masters, and her art is largely emotionalism expressed through symbolic line. She is rated among the most brilliant younger moderns America can claim as hers."

Dudley Crafts Watson, associated with the Chicago Art Institute, and widely known as a lecturer on art, says of Mrs. Hernandez' work:

"She has caught the best of many of the modern masters, and she tells the very sombre life of the Balearic Islands in a most expressive way. Her drawing is brilliant and meaningful. To live with one of her pictures means to increase one's breadth of thought, to add immeasurably to one's enjoyment of life."

Mrs. Hernandez studied at the University of Chicago, the Art Institute of Chicago and the Art Students' League of New York, where she had a scholarship in life class work. She was a pupil of Dumond, Henri, Luis Mora and Max Webster. After going abroad she continued her art studies in Paris under Richard Miller.

The artist traveled in Spain, Italy, Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli and the Balearic Isles. She is said to have gained considerable recognition in Paris, having exhibited three times in the Salon des Independents and making sales to the French people in the Salon des Beaux Arts, the Salon d'Automne, and the Salon des Artistes Francaise. Her first sale of a picture was to the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson at Lyme summer school.

While in Europe Marian Tooker met a Spanish artist, Hernandez, whom she married. They lived in Spain for some time, later establishing themselves in a studio home in the picturesque Balearic Isles, overlooking the great estate of Miramar and the glorious Bay of Degas. Mrs. Hernandez still lives and works there.

IF HE WOULD COME...

Mr. Thomas Whitney Surette is in California.

He speaks on Wednesday at Mills College, through the courtesy of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who in bringing him to the Pacific Coast is perhaps doing something which may vitally affect the musical life of this part of the United States.

This is a large phrase. Is it to be taken literally?

It is.

Mr. Surette occupies a unique position (again to be read literally) in the history of American musical development. First from his home at Concord, Massachusetts,

later from Harvard University and Boston, and now in many cities and towns of the Atlantic coast and the middle west, he has been keeping an active eye on the music taught the children in the schools; he has been training teachers; he has been lecturing to the laymen and developing among all of these a sensitiveness to quality in music. And he has done something to them.

Mr. Surette is, thank the Lord, intolerant. So intolerant that never does he accept the musically mediocre as allowable. The relatively good is unacceptable to senses sharpened as are his to keen, clear, critical discrimination in music.

"Are you fond of music?" The question is thick and difficult. The musically discriminating will rejoice more music than they accept. Carrie Jacobs Bond (a composer lauded in California, living in Hollywood, and the subject of many a woman's club afternoon program) cannot possibly understand a Brahms Symphony.

Why? Because if she had enough discrimination to feel the quality of Brahms, never a line of her own saccharinities would have dared come into her head.

So far our west coast has been desperately lacking in leadership in the field of music education. Not one university School of Education, not one teachers' training institution, has a Department of Music so fortified that its graduates come forth hall-marked with an essential musical culture. A public school in California whose Board of Education understands the difference between musicianship and spuriousness, and which really desires to find someone to establish true musical caring in the lives of its children, must, with rare exceptions, give up in despair. Ah, the Ojai Valley School of course has found one of those rare teachers. First, because it does not have to limit its choice of teachers to those with California credentials; and second, because it seeks its music directors from those trained by Thomas Whitney Surette.

If there were some way by which Mr. Surette could give a few years to the Pacific coast, doing for it here what he has done in the east... as lecturer in music at the teacher training institutions, and as stimulating adviser to individual schools... we should be able to breed, perhaps, a new musical race.

Is this saying too much?

Mr. Surette is a classicist. He is not one of the moderns. He would give our children, and us, not so much an understanding of the new music as an ear for all music.

His value as a human being and a teacher is that he has a passion for superlative quality; and that he can communicate that passion to those who hear him speak. Members of the Carmel P. T. A. are trying to arrange a lecture by Mr. Surette here.

THE FEBRUARY SAN FRANCISCAN

features "From a North African Notebook" by Kathryn Hulme



other features include

"Dreiser Looks Backward"

—by Carey McWilliams

"Bay Region Miscellany"

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Owned and published weekly by
The Carmelite Publishing Company,
at the Seven Arts Press in Carmel.

Subscription rate, two dollars the year,
foreign, three dollars:
five cents the copy

Entered as second class matter February
21, 1928, at the Post Office at Carmel,
California, under the act of March 3, 1879

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Editorials . . .

Our sympathies are with Argyl Campbell, City Attorney, who has been instructed by the council to draft a zoning ordinance. Not only is the drafting of zoning ordinances a matter ordinarily requiring the training and experience of a competent city planner, but it is a specialized section of city planning. There are special zoning experts in the world. (There was one of them here recently.)

Only an expert, perhaps knows just how truly expert a man must be before such a specialized job can be done well. Our City Council has in effect instructed the City Attorney that he become a specialized city planner. (He is fortunate not to have been commanded to complete a little research work in problems of metabolism, or to make a plan for the construction of a steel bridge.)

One way to make an attempt at a zoning ordinance is to reproduce paragraphs from those of other cities. But the real way is to know the implications, the problems, the histories, involved in many zoning ordinances. This is a professional job.

* * * *

Every babe must learn to walk. Every city council must learn from the beginning how to administer a town. Our council has a still larger task,—the invention of a new kind of community.

* * * *

Any mere foreigner,—say a member of an urban Chamber of Commerce,—must be astonished at the reverence for trees shown by our City Council at its meetings. Judge Fraser reports a request by

a citizen for permission to cut down a dead tree on his lot. The hushed voice with which His Honor utters this, and the solemnity with which our august councilors contemplate the matter, are proof enough that we have here a population of Tree Worshipers.

"IRRESPONSIBLE RADICALS"

In two hundred and fifty years there have not been weathers like the cold of the present winter in Europe. Wild animals, cattle, and human beings have frozen to death during the last weeks in regions ordinarily mild. There have already been several weeks of suffering. In the rural regions the people have been sleeping with their animals for warmth. Not all of these regions are remote. By now, on a planet run by a principle of distribution in which supply and demand had a sensible relation to one another, these freezing people would have been supplied with warm covering, fuel, and additional shelter protection.

What constitutes "demand" in our system of distribution? If I am cold, if my hands and feet are frozen, do I constitute an addition to the "demand" for fuel and covering? Oh no,—not as a mere consuming needing human body. To the "sound" economist that is simply sentimental demand. We are good practical business men on this planet. We think in terms of "effective demand." Effective demand implies ability to pay.

If these unfortunate souls in Austria and the Balkans have the bad luck to come upon cold weather and are unprepared, we cannot expect,—so says good "business" sense,—our blanket manufacturers to turn philanthropists and give their wares away. By the same undeniable logic, California peach-growers must let their peaches rot on the branch; Chicago bean-merchants who cannot get their price must dump into the Chicago River their truck-loads of vegetables. A magnificent and masterly economic system ours.

Communists are naive people. To them "demand" is "human demand." They have a low opinion of our economic system.

Well, who are these "irresponsible radicals" Mr. Filene has been talking about?—these undesirables? Do they want us to ship blankets to the Balkans? Or what do they say?

They say, these irresponsible intellectuals, these Communists, these undesirables, that we shall have to send blankets to the Balkans under our present system . . . that we shall have to keep patching up our inadequacies and our economic mistakes with philanthropies until we have made a major alteration in the motivation of our production. Until, in short, production is for use and not for profit.

Correspondence

MORE TRUTH ABOUT MEXICO

To the Editor:

Though newspaper ethics have bred in me a disdain to take seriously an anonymous communication—even a scorn, in my worst moods—many truth-respecting Carmelites, in and out of the Church, have urged that I reply to the secretive person who felt an urge to answer my protest on the Church-Mexico question in a recent issue. And holding a similar predilection for the truth, I fall. But it will be the last, I promise. Any other, with proofs, will be joyfully furnished seekers for the truth on the Church side, in private, in a controversy or international concern, where the truth has been suppressed in the most gigantic conspiracy of silence of our century, propaganda for the World War the single exception. It is easy to suppress news with prompt use of the firing squad at daybreak. Effective, if unconvincing to the suppressed.

The first lie to be nailed—lies being I take it, statements wholly unsupported by the truth—being "The very priests and nuns, supposed to be the leaders in the observation of the law and order were guilty of assassination and acts of violence." Not even the Callisistas make this claim now, for the hierarchy in Mexico publicly urged, from the first, peaceful compliance with the law,—although the law obviously precluded the possibility of carrying on the service of the Church. And still does.

The writer then naively asks, "Should not the Catholic Church Assist by setting an example of forbearance?" Forbearance? In God's name, when has a people been so called upon to "forbear," with their men and women—even their children—starved in vermin-infested jails, without trial, bayoneted, women violated, violated, not even consecrated nuns exempted, for the crime of worshipping God in their own way—for the human right of liberty of conscience, granted today in every country in the world that counts itself civilized, except in Mexico.

Her ministers and nuns were driven penniless and all but naked from their derived properties—inheritations from the old encomienda system of gifts from the rich—not taken from the Peon, as Calles would have the world believe. And but for the charity and love of the mass of the Mexican people, helped by friends of liberty in the United States and Europe, the religious, forbidden even, to wear the garb of their calling, were assisted out of the country into exile, their property promptly confiscated. Did the peons get it? They did not. The age-old story of the Church being made the

goat, when flaming political patriots want and must get money. A procedure, incidentally, that never fails to win applause from the honest-minded uniformed, and the un-honest-minded bigot—most loud from the latter, who thereby enjoys what the psychologists call a "wish-fulfillment."

The third point: Says the name-shy letter-writer, "Poverty (of the people) is due largely to the Church dogma that poverty is a virtue." Wrong again. The Catholic Church, understanding mother of the poor and the disinherited of the earth, teaches "Poverty borne with Christian patience," even as Christ its Founder, was poor. A philosophy of living, not an end, not an objective, except with the Franciscans and other mendicant orders, where the human lure of possession is cast out by vow, as destructive to peace and spiritual progression. Their property? Held in community, for the benefit of the community, while its members teach, plow, nurse, or otherwise serve the people, the income going to support their activities. They loaf? Some probably do, being human.

"Prayer is labor," says he, the protestant. "The Church must offer service." We agree. The Church should. And does. But it should do more. And undoubtedly it will, when the lust for blood and pillage is glutted, and the politicians rich enough—a renewed Church, taking its place once more on the battle-field where her sons and daughters fell, carrying the banner, "Christ the King." And in spite of persecutions that have out-Neroed Nero, the Church continues to carry on in dark and hidden places, until freedom of conscience is restored to a land, to which the Church has brought all that it has of art, European culture and education.

And while on the subject of Church persecution by the politicians in Mexico, it is interesting that Mexico, at this moment, owes the Church in California over a million dollars accrued interest, on a verdict rendered at the Hague over twenty-five years ago, for property confiscated—appropriated by the king, in the seventeenth century, who agreed that annual interest would be sent to the Missions (the Church in the Californias),—something like \$47,000 annually. The first recovery of accrued interest resulted from a trial some sixty years ago at Washington, the decision then, and in 1903 at the Hague, being in favor of the Church. The latter recovered at each trial about a million dollars. The basis of the fund? \$150,000 donated by Conde de Regla, Mexico, in 1697, and the old Jesuit Pious Fund of California, donations to found missions in the new territory.

Forbearance? Well, looking at the facts, it looks like considerable forbearance, on the part of the Church. That is the essence of her philosophy—patience, charity, borne of two thousand years' experience.

The situation is not new to students of

history, however. And an analogy in California, in the case of the Old Missions, comes near to home; where the politicians, howling to "Free the Indians from the 'slavery' of the Padres,"—wrested the mission lands from the Indians, who owned it, according to Spanish law, then as now—and divided it up among themselves and their relatives. The Indians? They were "freed," all right—free to starve by the roadside, and become wanderers and homeless outcasts, until the United States government took steps, when California was taken over, to right the wrong. By an enactment of Congress, some Church property was restored to the Church—Carmel, as at other Missions, got back its orchard, garden, cemetery, and its buildings from the looters, and a few of the Indians,—who had created all the wealth of the country, under the padres' teaching—were staked to small holdings—soon to be gobbled up by the incoming Americans and the "Patriots" still shouting "Freedom for the Indians." Prejudice against religion is the best bet of unscrupulous politicians everywhere to raid the Church, when exchequer is low. So the Mexican situation lacks the charm of originality.

Yours for Truth,
Laura Bride Powers.



HULL-HOUSE, FORTY YEARS

The forthcoming re-publication by Macmillan of "Twenty Years at Hull-House" by Jane Addams, in the Modern Readers' Series, ranks this very human document with the great books of all ages among which it belongs.

* * * *

It must now be at least twice twenty years since Jane Addams, with her friend Ellen Gates Starr, founded Hull-House on Halstead Street in Chicago, and thereby invented an institution which has been of immeasurable value to two generations.

I should like in this article to speak of that value. And I shall write of it in the first person singular frankly, because it would be so difficult to remember impersonally the year I lived there, a very new young thing just out of college.

I came to Hull-House at the end of a period of which Miss Addams had known

the beginning. William Morris and the English utopianists had something to do with it. It was a period in which a great many people, and especially perhaps women, registered their dissatisfaction with a civilization as badly arranged as ours, by betaking themselves out of their bourgeois surroundings to live among the very poor.

They felt an acute discomfort in the contrast between their own comfortable lives and those of the mass of mankind.

..... The Labor Movement was seething up into the Radical Movement. Russia had ripened into revolution. The war, with its propaganda, its suppressions, its easily-seen-through economic motivations, arrived. It was a period very rich for the ardent young idealist.

But under the elms of a New England campus we young undergraduate idealists had never heard of the Radical Movement. We were still arguing hotly among ourselves about the existence of God and the nature of the universe, constructing the Ideal State in very abstract terms. We were unaware of the real nature of the sub-structure of our civilization,—in the coal mines, in the sweat-shops of that period, and where Labor bargains with Capital for enough coal to keep it warm through the winter cold... waits in fact, for American Capital to set the standard of American living.

Jane Addams had read le Conte; and Ellen Starr was a craftswoman trying to see life possible as William Morris saw it. Ellen Starr was in fact one of a group of women who took vows of eternal poverty and chastity, and who thereupon went to live among the poor and serve them.

Jane Addams however was not a mystic, but a practical woman. She persuaded a Chicago man of wealth, named Hull, to build for her in a thickly-populated industrial neighborhood, a great neighborhood house, whose wide living-rooms were open to the people of the neighborhood, and whose residents were there to be called upon for all thinkable offices of neighborhood and friendship. The crises of birth, death, and marriage; the festival of the Jewish Passover and the annual parade of the image of the Virgin Mary through the city streets accompanied by all orthodox Greek Catholics,—all these made their demands upon Hull-House and its residents. And in addition to these human services, there grew up classes, gymnasium groups, clubs, dramatic activities, which made it a place of seething activity.

Immediately after school it would begin. Miss Nancrede's children arriving for dramatics. Some of them had been with her throughout childhood and into young manhood. One whole family, for example, was a product of Hull-House. The five children of a Jewish cigar-maker earning something like fifteen dollars a week were all of them responsive in an utterly rewarding way to every fine thing open to them. They were intelligent and

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sensitive to beauty,—their development into citizens of unusual caliber rejoicing those at Hull-House who had given them time, affection, and understanding.

In the Music School little Jewish children sang the most heavenly Christmas carols I have heard anywhere, under the stern direction of an arch-musician with a passion for superlative quality. In the library; in the Neighborhood Club; in the gymnasium... But all of this is difficult to describe so that its real value will be felt. For the real value was the feeling people had the moment they entered the door at Hull-House. Outside were the indifference of the dirt-blown streets of a great hulking city stretching its flat dull miles of industrial slums westward. Inside there was warm intelligent friendship.

This is how it might happen, for instance. I sat perhaps playing at a piano in the music school. A knock at the door. I opened it, in stumbled half a dozen tousled little gutter-boys. Dirty, ill-smelling,—yes appalling. "Missus, kin we have a club?"

"Why of course. What kind of a club would you like?"

"O any kind, so's we kin come here every week."

We had the club,—and we met every Saturday morning for nearly two years.

Yet the neighborhood work was a minor part only of the value of Hull-House. It became a center which inspired, through the personalities of its many residents,—there must have been about forty at all times,—all sorts of constructive organization activities. Social workers and sociologists, radical and conservative; Bolsheviks, Mensheviks, Right Wing, Left Wing; even the Hoboes' Union, knew the hospitality of Hull-House.

A Labor College was to be started. Where should they meet to organize? Might the Recreational Class of the School of Civics meet here? They might. Might the Sociology students at the University come down to study housing facts, first hand? They did. Might the Socialist local make this their meeting place? Of course.

About the long tables in the dining room in the evening an exceedingly interesting group of residents met at night for dinner and discussion. Florence Kelley, that magnificent old war-horse of the Consumer's League, might be there. Or Edith Abbott, of the university. Or Victor Yarros with a new letter of news from Russia. Or his wife, with Margaret Sanger at her side, telling of the persecutions of those who advocate birth control. Or S. K. Ratcliffe come over from England to interpret British political tendencies. Or Babushka, the little old Grandmother of the Russian revolution, out after thirty years in Siberia.

We asked questions. We listened. And

THE CARMELITE, February 20, 1929

when the Nation and the New Republic of the week reached us, it all seemed "old stuff." We were at the source of information, among the doers and the knowers.

* * * *

During the winter I lived at Hull-House there was a long bitter strike among the clothing workers. The clothing factories of the city had, in a group repudiated an agreement they had had with the workers, already desperately underpaid. The purpose of the strike was to win for the workers conditions equal to those in successful operation between Hart Shafner and Marx and their employees.

On one side of the battle were the factory owners, the police whom they bought and paid for, and the Chicago Tribune. On the other, the workers. The striking workers called upon residents of Hull-House to witness the struggle. I went out on the picket line with other social workers. I saw the intimidation of the peaceful picketers by thugs employed by the factory owners and provided with police badges by the city. I went to meetings of the strikers in which their leaders exhorted them to keep up their courage for the sake of their cause, and to keep their tempers no matter how their antagonists mis-behaved. I saw bleeding heads, black-jacked by police without the slightest excuse. I read headlines in the Chicago Tribune stating that the strikers had committed two murders,—when the exact reverse was the case. Two strikers had been killed.

Three thousand arrests were made by the police within a few weeks in order to intimidate the strikers and break their morale. (They had no coal, in those bitter weeks of winter,—and little food.) I myself was arrested while lawfully and peacefully picketing; and to my intense interest, carried away in a patrol wagon and put, with several others, in a cell in a police station whose toilet facilities consisted of an open and public sewer-drain without water.

The strike was lost by the workers.

* * * *

Every year a new crop of young residents comes from the colleges to Hull-House,—to see, hear, taste, smell, and touch the real life that underlies our great productive industry. It seems to me that it is this opportunity which it provides to youth,—to the fresh youth idealists who are still blind as kittens to these realities,—which is perhaps the most useful of all the functions of Hull-House.

I find it a pity that the age of the social settlement is over,—that the Toynbee Halls, the Henry Street Settlements, the Lincoln Centers of the world, find no continuation into the next generation. For I could have wished for every young liberal wishing to understand the life of his times, a post-graduate year in some one of these.

—pauline g. schindler.

Books . . .



From "Squiffer," illustration by Dugald Walker.

"Squiffer" and "Snythergen," by Hal Garrott. Henry McBride, New York City.

"That was a bad shot," said the Page.

"But I knocked them down!"

"Knocking them down doesn't matter. It's the way they say 'Ouch' that counts!"

This is from "Squiffer," a fetching book for youngsters, written by a man gifted with a whimsical fantasy,—namely, Hal Garrott, associate editor of the Carmel Pine Cone. It rolics with improbabilities, full of the satire of childhood.

"Is it wicked to say 'ain't'?" said Tilda.

"Yes, very. It's the wickedest thing there is."

"Just wait till you see Squeaky and Barky in their new costumes," said the mother proudly, pulling out a few bastings and tossing the bundle to the pig and the dog. . . "The youngsters need a Clown for their show. Without one, their Tree Dance will be over the heads of the audience."

"A Tree Dance should be over the heads of the audience," said the Lighthouse Keeper, letting the words curl out through his teeth in smoke.

In addition to the delicious nonsense of Mr. Garrott, there are entrancingly absurd illustrations by Dugald Walker, who has done also the pictures for "Snythergen," published by McBride a year earlier. McBride will bring forth also a third children's volume by the same author in the coming autumn.

—p. g. s.

A COMPARISON OF THREE WRITERS

The Glass Hive, a vigorous little magazine edited by Will Levington Comport of Pasadena, has a review in the present issue, which compares Claude Bragdon's recent book "The New Image," D. Rudhyar's pamphlet "The New Sense Of Space," and Geoffrey Hodson's book on "Deva Evolution."

7 ARTS

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Poems . . .

I have looked over the earth and seen
the swarming of different people to
a different God—

White men with prayers to a white God,
black men with prayers to a black
God, yellow-faces before alters to a
yellow-face God—

Amid burning fires they have pictured
God with a naked skin; amid frozen
rocks they have pictured God clothed
and shaggy as a polar bear—

I have met stubs of men broken in the
pain and mutilation of war saying
God is forgetful and too far off, too
far away—

I have met people saying they talk with
God face to face; they tell God,
Hello God and how are you God;
they get familiar with God and hold
intimate conversations—

I have seen these facts of God and man
and anxious earthworms hunting for
a home.

I have seen the facts of humble bees and
scarlet butterflies, orioles and flickers,
glowing moths and pink lady-bugs—

I have seen the spotted sunset sky
filled with flights and wings—and I
have heard high in the twilight blue
the propellers of man and the even-
ing air mail droning from Omaha
to Chicago, droning across Iowa and
Illinois—

I have said: The prints of many new
wings, many fresh flights, many
clean propellers, shall be on the sky
before we understand God and the
work of wings and air.

—Carl Sandburg: "Good Morning,
America."

In the evening there is a sunset sonata
comes to the cities.

There is a march of little armies to the
dwindling of drums.

The sky-scrapers throw their tall lengths
of walls into black bastions of the
red west.

The sky-scrapers fasten their perpendi-
cular alphabets far across the chang-
ing silver triangles of stars and streets.

And who made 'em? Who made the
sky-scrapers?

Man made 'em, the little two-legged joker,
Man.

Out of his head, out of his dreaming,
scheming, skypiece,

Out of the proud little diagrams that
danced softly in his head—

Man made the sky-scrapers.

With his two hands, with shovels, ham-
mers, wheelbarrows, with engines,
conveyors, signal whistles, with
girders, molds, steel, concrete—

Climbing on scaffolds and falsework with
blueprints, riding the beams and
dangling in mid-air to call, Come on,
boys—

Man made the sky-scrapers.

When one tall sky-scraper is torn down
To make room for a taller one to go up,
Who takes down and puts up those two
sky-scrapers?

Man... the little two-legged joker...
Man.

—Carl Sandburg: "Good Morning,
America."



From an illustration by Dugald Walker
for Hal Garrott's book, "Snythergen."

THE YOUNG IDEALIST IN THE CITY

We have an interesting letter from New York asking us if the Carmelite will accept poetry. "Of course mine are not very good poems," the writer however volunteers, "They are just the work of a dejected youth." He continues with an analysis of modern New York as the dejected idealist sees it:

"Modern youth... cannot realize that there is something finer in life than cold hard money and the pleasure of independence. What right has a person to live in this gigantic city of New York if he does not possess that much-desired evil called money? Each person does want to feel its warmth in his pockets. Can a man like a girl if he cannot spend money on her in Broadway, with every temptation a pleasure? Every young mistress alike has a new aspect, for the young men of today, in their lives of,—may I say wretchedness. And from time to time they almost believe that they are happy... If a woman acts very tender and affectionate, they believe she is about to cheat them or ask them for something that is beyond their means.

"And where is the divine puritan graciousness of the House of God? It has been replaced by the modern night club... and that fills a great spot in the hearts of the younger generation."

THE LETHAL CHAMBER IN CARMEL

The dog was ill. Very ill.

It would be best to end the thing for him. His master reluctantly went down to the druggist for help to do the deed.

"The exhaust on your engine in a closed garage," was what this honest man recommended.

Sadly he took his faithful friend, whimpering and miserable, out to the garage, and turned on the exhaust.

Fifteen minutes later he returned. The familiar form would now be quiet.

But it wasn't.

A joyous animal leaped up to greet him. Fifteen minutes of deadly gas had cured him. And he has been well ever since.

ALL IS FORGIVEN NOW

"My God!" wrote a celebrated art critic to a young friend of hers who had just announced her business association with the Carmelite, "you've gone arty!"

But this was before it was known that Brailowsky would play the Liszt Liebestraum.

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The Youngest Set

RETALIATION

His mother was unusually unreasonable that morning. In the first place she insisted that his face be washed in all the corners. And then she wanted his hair brushed smooth as a kitten's. And what was the use of all that if you were going right out to play Cowboys and Indians? There was a historical inaccuracy about it, which bothered even a seven-year-old.

Yet all the seven-year-old could do was to look dark and pouting while he polished his hair over again with a vicious thrust.

"Mother," he at last burst forth. "Mother." Mother,—you aren't as nice as you think you are!"

* * * *

THE MODERN CHILD AGAIN

Chita, aged nine, got in the back seat of the machine.

The dog climbed in beside her.

"You get in front, Rags," she cried. "I don't like your vibration."

* * * *

"Mother, if you had to choose, which would you rather have, your house upside down or sideways?"

"O, sideways, I should think."

"O, I wouldn't, Mother. I'd rather have mine upside down, because then you could use the floor for the ceiling and the ceiling for the floor, and it wouldn't make so much difference."

YOUNG TURKEY AT WORK

I found the offices of the official Turkish National Student Union located in an old building on the street which runs into the famous St. Sofia Mosque. I was given a cordial welcome on my first visit, taken out to dinner, and introduced to the leaders of the student work. French is spoken more or less fluently by most of the students and very fluently by the leaders of the Union. English is understood by some of them, but spoken very little.

As I met these chaps, and listened to them talk, I became convinced that they are not products of the East, but a new kind of being. They are not like Europeans, for they carry a strange tinge of the mystic in the tone of the voice, in the deep, dark eyes; they are not like Americans, for they maintain an atmosphere of dignity and reserve about their personalities; and they are not like old Turks, for they are sharp, efficient, direct, and

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loaded with activity. Their ideas on most subjects we fell to discussing, ranging from politics to religion, were well founded and on the whole progressive; their attitude was tolerant and generous.

During the brief week I spent with them, I tried to find in them some justification for carrying over the old prejudice which colors the very word "Turk." I thought of the qualities we ignorantly attribute to them in our thoughtless generalizations—cruel, dirty, unfair, hateful, pugnacious, over-bearing, scheming, lying, and many others. The picture that the history books painted for me, still pops up at the mention of "Turk," but I could find no comparison between that picture and the young Turks, whom I am proud to call friends. All of which leads me to remark that the time has arrived for young America and young England to make a shift in mental scenery. The old Turk with his dropping black mustache, his red Fez, his long curved knife, ready for cruel slaughter has been the misrepresentative of his country long enough. If he ever did exist, he has at any rate passed on, and deserves to be forgotten.

Here these representatives of a new age were working on such student problems as self-aid, student homes, scholarship grants etc. They had established a student foreign office, which is at all times ready to meet, greet, and show student travelers about Constantinople. Last year several American student groups were entertained by these cordial Turkish students. They confided a disappointment to me, however, concerning the nature of these groups. "They didn't seem to be interested in our work and our people; and seemed more interested in dancing and drinking than in understanding our country," the president of the foreign office said. And he added, "I do hope that official groups will better represent the youth of your country. We will enjoy spending time and effort preparing for such groups." From these simple statements we get a little of the serious-

ness and high purpose which is guiding these young Turks in the business of interpreting their much misunderstood country. Their foreign office is regarded by the English and Hungarian offices as one of the most efficient and responsive offices working in the C. I. E. You cannot imagine what it means to see the youth of the East doing things on time, carrying on work in a systematic fashion, unless you see the terrible inefficiency that grips this part of the world, holding up progress at every point of activity.

The result of the few conferences I had with them on the plan of taking up the News Exchange System were very encouraging. They were anxious to speak to American students through their press. They are beginning a new publication which will reach about 4000 students in December, and would be able to use articles from other parts of the world, particularly from America. One of the students made a rather interesting statement, expressing what he felt would be one result of such an exchange: "When we begin to write about our life and country for the students of other countries, we begin at the same time a process of self-analysis on the basis of the highest ideals held by other countries. This cannot help but stimulate us all in the reforms we are making in Turkey."

I feel Constantinople will prove to be one of our most important news centers for three reasons: First, we need to know the young Turk and his struggle for a new Turkey. Second, the young Turk needs to know us, and understand our less materialistic side of life, because he is patterning his new Turkey after Western civilization, and has thus far seen little but Western materialism. And third, it is possible through this news exchange that young Turkey may write its own history of his great reformation in terms of daily events and activity.



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